

After 20 Years.

J. M. Vinkle, a Furniture Dealer, at Owosso, Strikes the Right Thing.

The circumstances surrounding the case of Mr. J. M. Vinkle are of deep interest to our readers, and our representative found him at his furniture store, No. 1115 W. Main Street, where he cheerfully gave the following account for publication:

"I have never," said Mr. Vinkle, "been without a pain in my back for the last twenty years. I do not know what caused it unless it was hard, constant work, which may have overtaxed me. At times it was worse than at others; for instance, in changeable weather I would suffer more keenly. If I lifted anything heavy or did any stooping work, I would go around like one with a broken back. During all this time I have been continually taking medicine of some kind. I have used all kinds of plasters and taken great quantities of Bala, but nothing helped me. I do not believe that one thousand dollars would cover the expense which medicine and treatment has cost me. Some months ago I read about Doan's Kidney Pills, and although my faith in medicine was greatly shaken, I determined to try them, and procured a box at the drug store of Johnson & Henderson. I began taking them and felt better right away. I had a feeling of relief from my back that I had not known in many years, and I have suffered everything from it during that time. I have had a wide experience in taking medicine, and when I say that Doan's Kidney Pills is the best remedy known to me, I mean it. Think of it—through years of suffering, life had become a misery, and when I would sit down I could hardly get up. Doan's Kidney Pills have put me in a condition all my efforts and the other medicines I have taken failed to do. Have I not every reason to praise them?"

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THE GREAT K. AND A. TRAIN ROBBERY.

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

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CHAPTER V.

A TRIP TO THE GRAND CANYON.

I stood pondering, for no explanation that would fit the facts seemed possible. I should have considered the young fellow's story only an attempt to gain a little reputation for pluck in any way I could have accounted for the appearance and disappearance of the robbers. Yet to suppose—that seemed the only other horn to the dilemma—that the son and guests of the vice president of the Missouri Western and one of our own directors would be concerned in train robbery was to believe something equally improbable. Indeed I should have put the whole thing down as a practical joke of Mr. Cullen's party if it had not been for the loss of the registered letters. Even a practical joker would hardly care to go to the length of cutting open government mail pouches, for Uncle Sam doesn't approve of such conduct. Whatever the explanation, I had enough facts to prevent me from wasting more time on that alkali plain. Getting the men and horses back on to the cars, I jumped up on the tailboard and ordered the runner to pull out for Flagstaff. It was a run of seven hours, getting us in a little after 8, and in those hours I had done a lot of thinking, which had all come to one result—that Mr. Cullen's party was concerned in the hold up.

The two private cars were on a siding, but the Cullens had left for the Grand canyon the moment they had arrived and were about reaching there by this time. I went to 218 and questioned the cook and waiter, but they either had seen nothing or else had been primed, for not a fact did I get from them. Going to my own car, I ordered a quick supper, and while I was eating it I questioned my boy. He told me that he had heard the shots and had bolted the front door of my car, as I had ordered when I went out; that as he turned to go to a safer place he had seen a man, revolver in hand, climb over the outside gate of Mr. Cullen's car, and for a moment he had supposed it a road agent till he saw that it was Albert Cullen.

"That was just after I had got off?" I asked.

"Yes, sah."

"Then it couldn't have been Mr. Cullen, Jim," I declared, "for I found him up at the other end of the car."

"Tell you it was, Mr. Gordon," Jim insisted. "I done seen his face clear in the light, and he done go into Mr. Cullen's car, whar de old gentleman wuz sittin'."

That set me whistling to myself, and I laughed to think how near I had come to giving nitroglycerin to a fellow who was only shamming heart failure, for that it was Frederic Cullen who had climbed on the car I hadn't the slightest doubt, the resemblance between the two brothers being quite strong enough to deceive any one who had never seen them together. I smiled a little and remarked to myself: "I think I can make good my boast that I would catch the robbers, but whether the Cullens will like my doing it I question. What is more, Lord Ralles will owe me a bottle." Then I thought of Madge and didn't feel as pleased over my success as I had felt a moment before.

By 9 o'clock the posse and I were in the saddle and skirting the San Francisco peaks. There was no use of pressing the ponies, for our game wasn't trying to escape, and, for that matter, couldn't, as the Colorado river wasn't passable. It was a lovely moonlight night, and the ride through the pines was as pretty a one as I remember ever to have made. It set me thinking of Madge and of our talk the evening before and of what a change 24 hours had brought. It was lucky I was riding an Indian pony, or I should probably have landed in a heap. I don't know that I should have cared particularly if a prairie dog burrow had made me dash my brains out, for I wasn't happy over the job that lay before me.

We watered at Silver Spring at quarter past 12. From that point we were clear of the pines and out on the plain, so we could go a better pace. This brought us to the half way ranch by 2, where we gave the ponies a feed and an hour's rest. We reached the last relay station just as the moon set, about 3:40.

As all the rose of the ride was through coconino forest, we held up there for daylight, getting a little sleep meanwhile.

We rode into the camp at the Grand canyon a little after 8, and the deserted look of the tents gave me a moment's fright, for I feared that the party had gone. Tolfree explained, however, that some had ridden out to Moran Point and the rest had gone down Hance's trail. So I breakfasted, and then took a look at Albert Cullen's winchester. That it had been recently fired was as plain as the Grand canyon itself. Throwing back the bar, I found an empty cartridge shell, still oily from the discharge. That completed the tale of seven shots. I didn't feel absolutely safe till I had asked Tolfree if there had been any shooting of echoes by the party, but his denial rounded out my chain of evidence. Telling the sheriff to guard the bags of the party carefully, I took two of the posse and rode over to Moran's. Sure enough, there were Mr. Cullen, Albert and Captain Ackland. They gave a shout at seeing me, and even before I had reached them they called to know how I could come so soon and if I had caught the robbers. Mr. Cullen started to tell his pleasure at my rejoining the party, but my expression made him pause, and it seemed to dawn on all three that the winchester across my saddle and the cowboys' resting nonchalantly on the

revolvers in their belts had a meaning.

"Mr. Cullen," I said, "I've got a very unpleasant job on hand, which I don't want to make any worse than need be. Every fact points to your party as guilty of holding up the train last night and stealing those letters. Probably you weren't all concerned, but I've got to go on the assumption that you are all guilty till you prove otherwise."

"Aw, you're joking," drawled Albert.

"I hope so," I said. "But for the present I've got to be English and treat the joke seriously."

"What do you want to do?" asked Mr. Cullen.

"I don't wish to arrest you gentlemen unless you force me to," I said, "for I don't see that it will do any good. But I want you to return to camp with us."

They assented to that, and, single file, we rode back. When there, I told each that he must be searched, to which they submitted at once. After that we went through their baggage. I wasn't going to have the sheriff or cowboys fumbling over Miss Cullen's clothes, so I looked over her bag myself. The prettiness and daintiness of the various contents were a revelation to me, and I tried to put them back as neatly as I had found them. But I didn't know much about the articles, and it was a terrible job trying to fold up some of the things. Why, there was a big pink affair, lined with silk, with bits of ribbon and lace all over it, which nearly drove me out of my head, for I would have defied mortal man to pack it so that it shouldn't muss. I had a funny little feeling of tenderness for everything, which made fussing over it all a pleasure, even while I felt all the time that I was doing a sneak act and had really no right to touch her belongings. I didn't find anything incriminating, and the posse reported the same result with the other baggage. If the letters were still in existence, they were either concealed somewhere or were in the possession of the party in the canyon. Telling the sheriff to keep those in the camp under absolute surveillance, I took a single man, and, saddling a couple of mules, started down the trail.

We found Frederic and "Captain" Hance just dismounting at the Rock cabin, and I told the former he was in custody for the present and asked him where Miss Cullen and Lord Ralles were. He told me they were just behind. But I wasn't going to take any risks, and, ordering the deputy to look after Cullen, I went on down the trail. I couldn't resist calling back:

"How's your respiration, Mr. Cullen?"

He laughed and called, "Digitalis put me on my feet like a flash." I said to myself, "He's got the most brains of any man in this party."

The trail at this point is very winding, so that one can rarely see 50 feet in advance, and sometimes not 10. Owing to this, the first thing I knew I plumped round a curve on to a mule, which was patiently standing there. Just back of him was another, on which sat Miss Cullen, and, standing close beside her, was Lord Ralles. One of his hands held the mule's bridle, the other held Madge's arm, and he was saying, "You owe it to me, and I will have one, or if!"

I swore to myself and coughed aloud, which made Miss Cullen look up. The moment she saw me she cried, "Mr. Gordon! How delightful!" even while she grew as red as she had been pale the moment before. Lord Ralles grew red, too, but in a different way.

"Have you caught the robbers?" cried Miss Cullen.

"I'm afraid I have," I answered.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

I smiled at the absolute innocence and wonder with which she spoke and replied, "I know now, Miss Cullen, why you said I was braver than the Britishers."

"How do you know?"

"I couldn't resist getting in a side shot at Lord Ralles, who had mounted his mule and sat scowling. 'The train robbers were such thoroughgoing duffers at the trade,' I said, 'that if they had left their names and addresses they wouldn't have made it much easier. We Americans may not know enough to deal with real road agents, but we can do something with amateurs.'"

"What are we stopping here for?" snapped Lord Ralles.

"I'm sure I don't know," I responded.

"Miss Cullen, if you will kindly pass us, and then if Lord Ralles will follow you, we will go on to the cabin. I must ask you to keep close together."

"I stay or go as I please, and not by your orders," said Lord Ralles.

"Out in this part of the country," I said calmly, "it is not good form for an unarmed man to argue with one who carries a repeating rifle. Kindly follow Miss Cullen." And, leaning over, I struck his mule with the loose ends of my bridle, starting it up the trail.

When we reached the cabin, the deputy told me that he had made Frederic strip and had searched his clothing, finding nothing. I ordered Lord Ralles to dismount and go into the cabin.

"For what?" he demanded.

"We want to search you," I answered.

"I don't choose to be searched," he protested. "You have shown no warrant, nor!"

I wasn't in a mood toward him to listen to his talk. I swung my winchester into line and said: "I was sworn in last night as a deputy sheriff and am privileged to shoot a train robber on sight. Either dead or alive, I'm going to search your clothing inside of ten minutes, and if you have no preference as to which condition you are in when it's done I certainly haven't."

That brought him down off his high horse—that is, mule—and I sent the deputy in with him, with directions to toss his clothes out to me, for I wanted to keep my eye on Miss Cullen and her brother, so as to prevent any legwork on their part.

One by one the garments came flying through the door to me. As fast as I finished examining them I pitched them back, except—well, as I have thought

as over since then I have decided that I did a mean thing and have regretted it. But just put yourself in my place and think of how Lord Ralles had talked to me as if I was his servant, had refused my apology and thanks and been as generally "masty" as he could, and perhaps you won't blame me that, after looking through his trousers, I gave them a toss which, instead of sending them back into the hut, sent them over the edge of the trail. They went down 600 feet before they lodged in a poplar, and if his lordship followed the trail he could get round to them, but there would then be 100 feet of sheer rock between the trail and the trousers. "I hope it will teach him to study his Lord Chesterfield to better purpose, for, if politeness doesn't cost anything, rudeness can cost considerable," I chuckled to myself.

My amusement didn't last long, for my next thought was, "If those letters are concealed on any one, they are on Miss Cullen." The thought made me leap up against my mule and turn hot and cold by turns.

A nice situation for a lover!

CHAPTER VI.

THE HAPPENINGS DOWN HANCE'S TRAIL.

Miss Cullen was sitting on a rock apart from her brother and Hance, as I had asked her to do when I helped her dismount. I went over there and said boldly:

"Miss Cullen, I want those letters."

"What letters?" she asked, looking me in the eyes with the most innocent of expressions. She made a mistake to do that, for I knew her innocence was feigned, and so didn't put much faith in her face for the rest of the interview.

"And what is more," I said, with a firmness of manner about as genuine as her innocence, "unless you will produce them I shall have to search you."

"Mr. Gordon!" she exclaimed. But she put such surprise and grief and disbelief into the four syllables that I wanted the earth to swallow me then and there.

"Why, Miss Cullen," I cried, "look at my position. I'm being paid to do certain things, and—"

"But that needn't prevent your being a gentleman," she interrupted.

That made me almost desperate.

"Miss Cullen," I said hurriedly, "I'd rather be burned alive than do what I've got to, but if you won't give me those letters search you I must."

"But how can I give you what I haven't?" she cried indignantly, assuming again her innocent expression.

"Will you give me your word of honor that those letters are not concealed in your clothes?"

"I will," she said.

I was very much taken aback, for it would have been so easy for Miss Cullen to have said that before that I had become convinced she must have them.

"And do you give me your word?"

"I do," she affirmed. But she didn't look me in the face as she said it.

I ought to have been satisfied, but I wasn't, for in spite of her denial something forced me still to believe she had

missed Cullen was sitting on a rock.

them, and, looking back now, I think it was her manner. I stood reflecting for a minute and then said, "Please stay where you are for a moment." Leaving her, I went over to Fred.

"Mr. Cullen," I said, "Miss Cullen, rather than be searched, has acknowledged that she has the letters and says that if we men will go into the hut she'll get them for me."

He rose at once. "I told my father not to drag her in," he muttered sadly. "I don't care about myself, Mr. Gordon, but can't you keep her out of it? She's as innocent of any real wrong as the day she was born."

"I'll do everything in my power," I promised. Then he and Hance went into the cabin, and I walked back to the culprit.

"Miss Cullen," I said gravely, "you have those letters and must give them to me."

"But I told you," she began.

To spare her a second untruth I interrupted her by saying, "I trapped your brother into acknowledging that you have them."

"You must have misunderstood him," she said calmly, "or else he didn't know that the arrangement was changed."

Her steadiness rather shook my conviction, but I said, "You must give me those letters or I must search you."

"You never would!" she cried, raising and looking me in the face.

On impulse I tried a big bluff. I took hold of the lapel of her waist, intending to undo one button. I let go in fright when I found there was no button—only an awful complication of hooks or some other feminine method for keeping things together—and I grew red and trembled, thinking what might have happened had I, by bad luck, made anything come undone. If Miss Cullen had been noticing me, she would have seen a terribly scared man.

But she wasn't, luckily, for the moment my hand touched her, and before she could realize that I snatched it

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away, she collapsed on the rock and just into tears. "Oh, oh!" she sobbed. "I begged papa not to, but he insisted they were safe with me. I'll give them to you if you'll only go away and not—"

Her tears made her inarticulate, and, without waiting for more, I ran into the hut, feeling as near like a murderer as a guiltless man could.

Lord Ralles was swearing over his trousers by this time and was offering the cowboy and Hance money to recover them. When they told him this was impossible, he tried to get them to sell or hire a pair, but they didn't like the idea of riding into camp minus those essentials any better than he did. While I waited they settled the difficulty by strapping a blanket round him, and, by splitting it up the middle and using plenty of cord, they rigged him out after a fashion, but I think if he could have seen himself he would have waited till it was dark enough to creep into camp unnoticed.

Before long Miss Cullen called, and when I went to her she handed me, without a word, three letters. As she did so she crimsoned violently and looked down in her mortification. I was so sorry for her that, though a moment before I had been judging her harshly, I now couldn't help saying:

"Our positions have been so difficult, Miss Cullen, that I don't think we either of us are quite responsible for our actions."

She said nothing, and, after a pause, I continued:

"I hope you'll think as leniently of my conduct as you can, for I can't tell you how grieved I am to have pained you."

Cullen joined us at this point, and knowing that every moment we remained would be distressing to his sister I said we would start up the trail. I hadn't the heart to offer to help her mount, and after Frederic had put her up we fell into single file behind Hance, Lord Ralles coming last.

As soon as we were started I took a look at the three letters. They were all addressed to Theodore E. Camp, Esq., Ash Forks, A. T., one of the directors of the K. and A. and also of the Great Southern. For the first time things began to clear up to me. When the trail broadened enough to permit it, I pushed my mule up alongside of Cullen and asked:

"The letters contain proxies for the K. and A. election next Friday?"

He nodded his head. "The Missouri Western and the Great Southern are fighting for control," he explained, "and we should have won but for three blocks of eastern stock that had prom-

We started a little after 5 and were clear of the timber before it was too dark to see. At the relay station we waited an hour for the moon, after which it was a clear track. We reached the half way ranch about 11, and while changing the stage horses I roused Mrs. Klostermeyer and succeeded in getting enough cold mutton and bread to make two rather decent looking sandwiches. With these and a glass of whisky and water, I went to the stage, to find Miss Cullen curled up on the seat asleep, her head resting in her brother's arms.

"She has nearly worried herself to death ever since you told her that road agents were hung," Frederic whispered, "and she's been crying tonight over that lie she told you, and, altogether, she's worn out with travel and excitement."

I screwed the cover on the traveling glass and put it with the sandwiches in the bottom of the stage. "It's a long and a rough ride," I said, "and if she wakes up they may give her a little strength. I only wish I could have spared her the fatigue and anxiety."

"She thought she had to lie for father's sake, but she's nearly broken over it," he continued.

I looked Frederic in the face and said, "I honor her for it, and in that moment he and I became friends."

"Just see how pretty she is!" he said, with evident affection and pride, turning back the flap of the rug in which she was wrapped.

She was breathing gently, and there was just that touch of weariness and sadness in her face that would appeal to any man. It made me gulp, I'm proud to say. And when I was back on my pony, I said to myself, "For her sake, I'll pull the Cullens out of this scrape if it costs me my position."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Chicago papers are again abusing Captain Anson's baseball team. They are even insultingly sarcastic because his players won a game. In these precarious times no club that wins a game should be held up to ridicule. How did he happen to win it?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

I told the sheriff that I had recovered the lost property.

used their proxies to the G. S. Rather than lose the fight we arranged to learn when those proxies were mailed—that was what kept me behind—and then to hold up the train that carried them."

"Was it worth the risk?" I asked.

"If we had succeeded, yes. My father had put more than was safe into Missouri Western and into California Central. The G. S. wants control to end the traffic agreements, and that means bankruptcy to my father."

I nodded, seeing it all as clear as day and hardly blaming the Cullens for what they had done, for any one who has had dealings with the G. S. is driven to pretty desperate methods to keep from being crushed. And when one is fighting an antagonist that won't regard the law, or rather one that, through control of legislatures and judges, makes the law to suit its needs, the temptation is strong to use the same weapons oneself.

"The toughest part of it is," Fred went on, "that we thought we had the whole thing 'hands down,' and that was what made my father go in so deep. Only the death of one of the M. W. directors, who held 8,000 shares of K. and A., got us in this hole, for the G. S. put up a relative to contest the will, and so delayed the obtaining of letters of administration, blocking his executors from giving a proxy. It was as mean a trick as ever was played."

"The G. S. is a tough customer to fight," I said, and I asked, "Why didn't you burn the letters?" really wishing they had done so.

"We feared duplicate proxies might get through in time and thought that by keeping these we might cook up a question as to which were legal, and then by injunction prevent the use of either."

"And those Englishmen," I asked, "are they real?"

"Oh, certainly," he said. "They were visiting my brother and thought the whole thing great larks." Then he told me how the thing had been done. They had sent Miss Cullen to my car so as to get me out of the way, though she hadn't known it. Then he and his brother got off the train at the last stop, with the guns and masks, and concealed themselves on the platform of the mail car. Here they had been joined by the Britishers at the right moment, the disguises assumed, and the train held up, as already told. Of course the dynamite cartridge was only a blind, and the letters had been thrown about the car merely to confuse the clerk. Then, while Frederic Cullen, with the letters, had stolen back to the car the two Englishmen had crept back to where they had stood. Here, as had been arranged, they opened fire, which Albert Cullen duly returned, and then joined them. "I don't see now how you spotted us," Frederic ended.

I told him, and his disgust was amazing to see. "Going to Oxford may be all right for the classics," he growled, "but it's destructive to gumption."

We rode into camp a pretty gloomy crowd, and those of the party waiting for us there were not much better. But when Lord Ralles dismounted and showed up in his substitute for trousers there was a general shout of laughter. Even Miss Cullen had to laugh for a moment. And as his lordship bolted for his tent I said to myself, "Honors are even."

I told the sheriff that I had recovered the lost property, but did not think any arrests necessary as yet. And as he was the agent of the K. & A. at Flagstaff he didn't question my opinion. I ordered the stage out and told Tolfree to give us a feed before we started. But a more silent meal I never ate down to, and I noticed that Miss Cullen didn't eat anything, while the tragic look on her face was so pathetic as nearly to drive me frantic.

We started a little after 5 and were clear of the timber before it was